

My Favorite Spoons by BlueClue182

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Summary:

Mike convinces everyone to celebrate Eleven for Valentine's Day. The Party throws a party at Dustin's house. Steve is a great cook. Max and Lucas still have curfews b/c their parents still know they're alive.

Prompt: "You're very endearing when half-asleep."

My Favorite Spoons

Author's Note:

Alright let's not talk about how this is six days late. I've got horrible carpal tunnel and tendonitis and my wrists are not happy with me right now so....I've got a backlog of posts that I need to edit/type up before I post them.

Anyway this is day six of February Fluff Challenge, and it's longer than I expected but shorter than draft one, so....I don't know what else to say about it.

Unbeta'd

The weekend after Valentine's day 1985 was one for the books.

In school, Mike got everyone in the Party to send Eleven cards and carnations to celebrate her first real Valentine's Day. By the end of school, she had a small bouquet and the biggest smile. On Saturday, they hung out at the arcade and then Dustin's house where Steve cooked up spaghetti and meatballs for everyone. He'd found the recipe in a cookbook while waiting for Dustin to finish up at the library one day, and his cooking skills expanded from there. Everyone had a compliment or two for the chef.

Eleven wore a flowery black dress with short sleeves that showed off her collarbones. In addition to the blue hair tie that she never took off, she wore black and neon pink jelly bracelets on both wrists; just a touch of her sister's bitchin' fashion sense with the added benefit of mostly obscuring her "11" tattoo. Her hair was in two french braids that ended in brunette puffs tied off in delicate white ribbons. A few curls of hair lay over her forehead. Everyone looked nice—the boys in shirts and ties and jackets, Max in a soft striped sweater and black skirt, Steve in an open button-down over a bright pink t-shirt.

But Mike could not stop staring at Eleven. He bit his tongue trying not to embarrass himself complimenting her all night.

Much later, everyone was slumped against each other on Dustin's couch, Steve curled up on the recliner. The phone rang and Lucas shot up from his slumber. "SHIT I WAS SUPPOSED TO BE HOME BY TEN!" The clock on the wall ticked traitorously past 10:15. Dustin picked up the phone.

"Hello, Henderson household. Oh hi Mr. Sinclair. Not home yet? He escorted Max back to her place about half an hour ago...maybe he got caught up talking to her mom." He gestured a relaxed thumbs-up at Lucas and Max, who were pulling on their shoes and jackets in a flurry. "Yes-y-yes I'm sure he'll be home real soon. Yes, of course, call again if he's not and I'll go look for him. Yes, of course. Great. Thanks, Mr. Sinclair." Steve was on his feet, too.

"Let me drive you guys—I should have made sure you were home a while ago anyways." He looked around the room. "Just...make sure everyone stays outta trouble, will you?"

"You know we're incapable of that." Dustin began loosening his tie.

"Yeah, yeah. I'll see you tomorrow, kid." They saluted each other as Steve ushered Lucas and Max out the door, mumbling about needing a minivan. Mike began to wake up but was pinned to the couch by Will on one side and Eleven on the other—neither had even stirred during the commotion.

"Well. I'd say you can have my room, but it looks like you're sleeping out here, Wheeler."

Eleven's eyes fluttered open.

"Wh-Where..." She picked up her head and looked around. "Oh! Dustin's! Wait. What time is it? Do we have to leave?" Mike was already shaking his head.

"We're staying here tonight, remember?" Tews emerged from the back hall and rubbed her long body against Dustin's shins.

"Lemmie go feed her and I'll be back with some blankets and pillows."

"Did you...bring pjamas?"

El sat up, stretched her arms above her head and yawned. “Yeah.” She stood up, a little wobbly on her feet, and reached out towards her backpack, which flung itself across the room into her hand.

“Still awesome.” Dustin called from behind the kitchen counter. “You can change in my room and if you wanna crash in there, feel free.” She smiled a lazy smile at him. Mike tried to wiggle out from under Will, who was dead weight against his best friend’s side. “Hey. No funny business in my bed, yeah?” Dustin pointed at Mike.

“Shut up.” Will stretched himself out on the couch and Mike placed one of the spare pillows at the far end, throwing the blanket they’d all been sharing over his best friend’s body.

Mike took his time in the bathroom, changing into his own pajamas and brushing his teeth and fussing with his hair and staring at himself in the mirror from every possible angle. Dustin said no funny business. He hadn’t even considered funny business—well, not seriously, anyway—until Dustin brought it up! What if El expected funny business? It was Valentine’s weekend, after all. But that wouldn’t matter, because Dustin said no and he wouldn’t do that to Dustin anyway...but could he really turn her down if—

When he finally made it to Dustin’s room, Eleven had made herself comfortable under the covers and fallen back asleep, curled up on her side with one hand fisted under her face. He smiled to himself, flicked off the light, and crawled in next to her. Almost immediately, he felt her arm snake around his chest. He picked up her hand and kissed her knuckles. She nuzzled her nose into his neck in response.

“So warm.”

“Oh—I didn’t mean to wake you up!”

“You didn’t. What did Dustin mean No Funny Business?”

“Oh. He’s just...being...” She giggled.

“Just kidding. I know what he means. Stuff that comes after kissing.” She giggled again.

“WHAT? Who told you th—”

“EVERYONE!” Mike rolled over to face her.

“Everyone who?” He felt like his heart would explode out of his chest. Her only response was to mash her hand against his mouth.

“SHHHH We’re sleeping.”

“Not if you keep asking questions about funny business, we’re not.”

She poked at his shoulder. “Roll back over so I can make you a spoon.”

“It’s spoon WITH me not make me a spoon.” But even as he explained it, he was turning over to obey her. She kissed at his shoulder, his neck, his jaw. “Eleven.” He said her name through gritted teeth.

Another giggle. “I know, I know. No funny business.” She wrapped her arms around him again and wiggled against his back. “Now behave, Michael Wheeler.”

“GO TO SLEEP, YOU TWO.” Dustin shouted from the doorway.

“DUSTIN! No Funny Business, I promise. Come snuggle!” Eleven pushed Mike over to the very edge of the mattress.

“I only came to the door to knock and get my pajamas.”

“Nooo! Snuggle! Be a spoon.”

“You are so endearing when you’re half asleep, you know that?” Mike whispered.

“SHHHH.” She whispered back.

“Fine. IF it’ll shut you up, I’ll come lay with you for a bit. But then I’m going to my mom’s room.”

“What are you guys DOING?” Will stood just behind Dustin, still in his party clothes.

“Apparently we’re having a slumber party in my room slash making sure Mike and Eleven shut up and don’t make out in my bed. Grab

some sleep clothes and join us, please.” Dustin bowed at Will, who was laughing at the display—Mike was laying along the very edge of the mattress looking mildly frustrated, with Eleven squished up against his back, already almost snoring again. “Here.” Dustin picked up a shirt and shorts off a pile of folded laundry on his floor. “Eleven?” No answer.

“Alright. Let’s go get changed and try and get some sleep.”

“You better come back and snuggle.” Eleven mumbled.

“How is she asleep and awake so fast?”

Mike shrugged. “Dunno. But I’d do what she tells you to do.”

“Yeah. Even half-conscious she’s a little scary.”

“Shhh. We’re sleeping.”

Soon all four of them were laying against one another, whispering about their favorite parts of the day. Eleven, still curled around Mike although he’d rolled on to his back to talk to the guys better, tightened her grip around his waist. “You’re all my spoons.” It came out in sighs.

“El?” Dustin called her name, but again she didn’t answer him.

“Mmm. My favorite spoons.”

“Happy Valentine’s day, spoons.” Mike smiled and kissed the top of Eleven’s head.

“Happy Valentine’s day.” Dustin and Will responded in tandem.